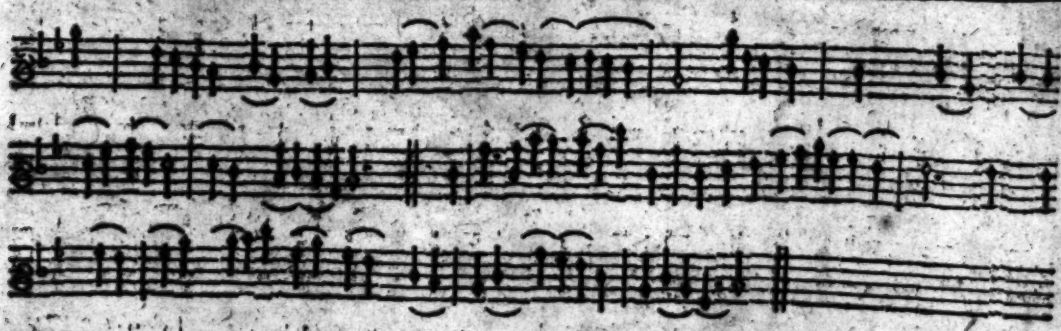
THE Lord RUSSELS Last Farewel to the World.

A SONG.



FArewel, farewel to Mortal Powers,
and fond Ambitious Fools;
Now guiltleſs Blood requireth ours,
from Providence that Rules.
Farewel to *Monmouth*, Horned *Grey*,
who are from Juſtice fled;
And left me to this fatal Day,
to looſe my Plotting Head.

II.

Of all the Lords of our Cabals,
I am the firſt that Dyes
Byth' hand of Juſtice, which foretells
a Counter Sacrifice;
That Blazing-Star at *Stafford*'s Death,
foretold a fatal Change:
Now I declare, with my laſt breath,
it is but juſt Revenge.

III.

Farewel to our late Parliaments,
which made Three Kingdoms ſhake;
Our Lawleſs Votes (my Soul torments)
was for Rebellions ſake:
Th'Excluſive Bill I did promote
with vigour, ſpleen, and power;
Thereby to cut a Monarchs Throat,
that cauſ'd this Bleeding Hour.

IV.

The beſt of Kings I ſought to Kill,
and draw'd in Thouſands more:
Who neither wanted Wealth nor Will,
and Traytors long before:
Beſides the Peaſants and the poor,
for Inſurrection bent;
To lay the Kingdom all in gore,
to pleaſe a *Parliament*.

V.

We neither feared Law nor Right,
Prerogative nor Fate;
Impeached Queen and Duke for ſpight,
to make the King afraid:
We thought he durſt not call to'count
our great Conſpiring Heads;
But now like me they all muſt mount,
and fall into the Shades.

VI.

If we had Hang'd *Tony* and *Tom*,
when firſt the Plot begun;
Then I to this had never come,
nor *James* from Juſtice run:
Denying of the Plot's in vain,
ſince *Eſſex* cut's own Throat;
Both *Rouſe* and *Walcot* owns the ſame,
and all the reſt muſt do't.

VII.

For my Confeſſion I commit
toth' *Groaning-Board*'s Divine;
'Tis his deſire to Word it fit,
I hope for no Deſign;
If *Whiggiſh* Cant, he puts upon't,
with 'quivocating Shamms;
Then ſcore him up, on our account,
his *Libel* to the Flames. *Finis.*

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